

Dwight's Journal of Music,

A Paper of Art and Literature.

WHOLE No. 170.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JULY 7, 1855.

VOL. VII. No. 14.

Dwight's Journal of Music, PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

TERMS: By Mail, \$2 per annum, in advance.
When left by Carrier, \$2.50

J. S. DWIGHT, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

EDWARD L. BALCH, PRINTER.

OFFICE, No. 21 School Street, Boston.

SUBSCRIPTIONS RECEIVED

At the OFFICE OF PUBLICATION, 21 School St. Boston.
By NATHAN RICHARDSON, 282 Washington St. "
"GEORGE P. REED & CO., 13 Tremont Row, "
"A. M. LELAND, Providence, R. I. "
"C. BREUSING, 701 Broadway, New York. "
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For Dwight's Journal of Music.

Reminiscences of a Summer Tour.

VI.

STUTTGART TO EILGEN—ORGAN OF CARL WEIGL AND
THE PARISH CHURCH—TÜBINGEN—SCENERY IN
SOUTH GERMANY—ORGAN MANUFACTORY OF THE
MESSRS. WALKER AT LUDWIGSBURG.

One day I went with CARL WEIGL to Eilgen, a village about ten miles to the South from Stuttgart, where he had recently set up an organ of his own manufacture. It was placed in the loft of a little dilapidated church, such as are so often to be met with in the smaller towns of South Germany. The church, in its situation and peculiar architecture, was exceedingly picturesque. Moss had grown thick and gray on its roof,—not a few stones had fallen from the top of its square tower,—and the ivy, clambering everywhere, strove in vain to conceal the gaping cracks in the wall. The door stood invitingly open, and the sun of a warm summer afternoon lay upon the floor. Within all was silent and desolate. Its rude benches and bare walls contrasted dimly with the showy organ case in the loft. We had captured a vagabond boy in the street, and impressed him into the service of bellows-blowing. Weigl took his seat at the keyboard, and for an hour showed off the qualities of his instrument, while I lolled back in the corner of a high-walled cage of a pew, and gave myself up to the influences of the music and the place.—The organ is too large and pretentious for its position. It did not strike me as a first class instrument, though its maker claims for it such rank. It has twenty-six registers. Its fancy and imitative stops are most excellent. The clarinet and flute, in particular, might readily deceive an unpractised ear. The intonation of all its reed-pipes is faultless. The full organ has, however, a harshness and ferocity not usual with the German

instruments. It was by no means comparable to the rich and mellow-toned productions of the Ludwigsburg manufactory. But the organist did his best in the exhibition of it, and showed he possessed, in no small degree, the requisites of a thorough musician. Meanwhile, as he played, groups of ragged children gathered wondering-ly about the door. Presently a message was received from the minister, who lived close by, to the effect that the noise disturbed him in his meditations. And so the performance came to an end. Bidding adieu to Carl Weigl, with many thanks for his civil attention, I proceeded on with my companions to Tübingen.

Württemberg is a region of hill and valleys. It is the most populous of the German States. So, also, it retains more of the quaint and curious customs of the old time. The postillion, in yellow bob-tailed jacket, on his approach to a village, winds you a tune on his mellow horn. The peasants whom you meet are decked in gay costumes. Women are delving by the road side, and cows yoked together are plowing in the fields. You are greeted by no rudeness or incivility from high or low. The influx of travellers has not here, as elsewhere, corrupted the simplicity and natural good breeding of the people.

We journeyed leisurely along this beautiful route, passing through the dingy little town of Waldenbach, where Dannecker, the sculptor, was born, and came in the edge of the evening, to the ancient town of Tübingen, the seat of the University of the kingdom of Württemberg. Here Melancthon once taught. There are nine hundred students now in the colleges. I went at evening up to the castle of Hohen-Tübingen, once the stronghold of the Pfälzgraves, now conceded by the government to the use of the University. It contains the rare and valuable University Library of 140,000 volumes. I was met at the entrance by the librarian, a venerable, mild-spoken man, who addressed me in Latin. It was a novel experience to be conducted past moats and draw-bridge, through vaulted passages and under a gateway, having a façade of a triumphal arch, to the peaceful abodes of literature and learning. The town is rarely visited, being out of the track of tourists; yet the region around abounds in scenery of surpassing beauty. The view from the hill, just outside the town, is equalled only by that from the summit of the Königstuhl, near Heidelberg, which is so famous. Being exhausted and ill, I passed the greater part of a day stretched out in the refreshing shade of the vines which embower the hill-side. Through the loopholes of my sylvan retreat I gazed without molestation upon the rare beauty of the landscape. It is a scene to

warm the heart of a poet. Below lies Tübingen with the castle above it; and beyond, the castle of Hohenzoller rises against the sky. The Steinbach, a silent stream, is creeping through the valley at the right; to the left glides the silver Neckar. The Ammer, too, twin river of the Neckar, flows southward toward the sea in a valley of its own. Vineyards clothe the hill-sides, and fields of waving grain the plains. The chimes of innumerable bells came up from the villages on all sides, making the air tremulous with sound.

From this point I retraced my steps to Stuttgart, and thence proceeded to Ludwigsburg to visit the famous organ establishment of E. F. WALKER, which Herr Kocher had kindly afforded me facilities for doing.

This establishment is, at present, the most popular perhaps of any in Germany. It resembles, in many points, the famous Chickering manufactory for pianofortes here. The whole business of organ-building has been reduced to a system, and the best system. Every part of the complicated structure is supervised in its mechanism by the Messrs. Walker themselves. First, they are careful to secure the proper elementary materials. None but the best of its kind is accepted. The pipe-metal is obtained from England in its crude state. It is then rolled by massive machinery into plates, preparatory to being fashioned into pipes. By this means a uniform and even sheet of metal is obtained, on the perfection of which process, in great degree, the excellence of the pipe and its resulting tone depends. These were shown me in their various stages of fabrication. In a separate apartment was carefully stowed away an assortment of metallic pipes, some sixteen, others thirty-two feet in length, glowing in their recent state like burnished silver. The stock intended for the wooden pipes is selected with equal care and discrimination. It is first stacked in a proper position out of doors, and suffered to remain for several years. Then it is again passed under examination, and the unfit portions being rejected, the remainder is housed, in a light, dry and airy place, for several years more, till it becomes most thoroughly seasoned. No less care is bestowed on the selection and preparation of the materials which are to compose the case, the wind-chest, the feet of the registers, and all that goes to make up the skeleton of the instrument; for soundness in these points is essential to the perfect result. In these particulars, and in the careful manner in which all the details of the mechanism are carried out, Herr Walker is a conscientious artist. He means his work shall last, and grow only better by time.

At the period I was present, he had in hand a

colossal instrument destined for the Ulm Cathedral. It was near its completion, and indeed some portions had already been conveyed to Ulm. A fragment of it was still set up in the manufactory, constituting in itself a huge organ, from which I was treated with a taste of its quality. By the contract this instrument was to have been delivered over to the Cathedral in 1851. But a variety of circumstances had delayed its completion. Herr Walker claims for it equality in excellence, at least, with any other on the Continent. By the schedule given below, it will be seen it exceeds in dimensions even the Freiburg giant. It has 104 registers [59 in metal and 45 in wood], 4 manuals, and 2 Pedals, arranged as follows:

FIRST MANUAL.			
	Feet		Feet.
1 Principal.....	16	15 Rohrflöte.....	4
2 Fagott.....	16	16 Flöte.....	4
3 Tibia major.....	16	17 Clarino.....	4
4 Viola di Gamba.....	16	18 Octav.....	2
5 Manual Untersatz.....	32	19 Waldflöte.....	2
6 Octav.....	8	20 Clarinetto.....	2
7 Flöte.....	8	21 Cornett, 8fold.....	10 2-3
8 Gedekt.....	8	22 Quint.....	5 1-3
9 Trompete.....	8	23 Terz.....	3 1-5
10 Viola di Gamba.....	8	24 Mixtur, 10fold.....	4
11 Gemshorn.....	8	25 Scharff, 5fold.....	2
12 Salicional.....	8	26 Sexquialtra, double.....	
13 Octav.....	4	27 Superoctav.....	1
14 Fugara.....	4		
SECOND MANUAL.			
1 Principal.....	8	12 Traversflöte.....	4
2 Salicional.....	16	13 Kl. Gedekt.....	4
3 Gedekt.....	16	14 Spitzflöte.....	4
4 Dolce.....	8	15 Viola.....	4
5 Gedekt.....	8	16 Corno.....	4
6 Flöte.....	8	17 Octav.....	2
7 Trompete.....	8	18 Piccolo.....	2
8 Fagott & Clarinet.....	8	19 Quintflöte.....	5 1-3
9 Quintatöen.....	8	20 Mixtur, 8fold.....	2 2-3
10 Octav.....	4	21 Cymbal, 8fold.....	1
11 Piffaro.....	8		
THIRD MANUAL.			
1 Principal.....	8	9 Dolce.....	4
2 Bourdon.....	16	10 Gemshorn.....	4
3 Spitzflöte.....	8	11 Octav.....	4
4 Harmonica.....	8	12 Hautboe.....	4
5 Gedekt.....	8	13 Flautino.....	2
6 Piffaro.....	8	14 Octav.....	2
7 Phylharmonica.....	8	15 Nasard.....	2 2-3
8 Voxhumana.....	8	16 Mixtur, 5fold.....	2 2-3
FOURTH MANUAL.			
1 Fagott.....	16	6 Fagott & Clarinet.....	8
2 Trompete.....	8	7 Phylharmonica.....	8
3 Clarino.....	4	8 Voxhumana.....	8
4 Clarinetto.....	2	9 Hautboe.....	4
5 Trompete.....	8		
FIRST PEDAL.			
1 Principal Bass.....	32	13 Violoncell.....	8
2 Principal Bass.....	16	14 Gamba.....	8
3 Bombard.....	32	15 Flöten Bass.....	8
4 Grand Bourdon.....	32	16 Octav.....	4
5 Octav Bass.....	16	17 Clarine.....	4
6 Sub Bass.....	16	18 Corno Basso.....	4
7 Posanne.....	16	19 Cornettino.....	2
8 Fagott.....	16	20 Quint.....	10 2-3
9 Violon Bass.....	16	21 Terz.....	6 2-5
10 Trompete.....	8	22 Quint.....	5 1-3
11 Posanne.....	8	23 Cornett, 5fold.....	4
12 Octav Bass.....	8	24 Pauke, 1 Octav.....	
SECOND PEDAL.			
1 Violon Bass.....	16	5 Bassethorn.....	8
2 Gedekt.....	16	6 Flöte.....	4
3 Serpent.....	16	7 Hobflöte.....	2
4 Flöte.....	8		

This organ, it will be seen, has several 32 feet pipes in metal and in wood. It stands 96 feet high in its case! The work upon it alone is estimated to cost 40,000 guilders. Connected with its action is a contrivance similar to the pneumatic touch, so called, attached to the recent English organs, without which the labor of playing so enormous an instrument would be indeed Herculean. A colossal instrument from this establishment was also completed for St. Petersburg in 1841. In this organ (I learn from the recent work of J. J. Seidel*) was introduced the novelty

* Systematic Hand-Book for Organists and Organ-Builders. Translated from the German of J. J. S. London, 1852.

of a Bifara Register of purest metal, with ten ranks in the third manual, "of a peculiar soft violin-like intonation," exceedingly beautiful; as also a remarkably fine Dulciana in the second manual (or choir organ), and in the Swell an eight feet Phylharmonica (with vibrating tongues), provided with a *crescendo* and *decrescendo*. There is also, even in the manual, a Trombone register eight feet. Herr Walker frequently alluded to the St. Petersburg instrument as one of his most satisfactory efforts; though it is by no means equal in size to that in Ulm. Drawings and minute specifications of both these organs were furnished me by the maker. These I committed, with many injunctions of watchfulness, to the custody of my good-for-nothing courier, who took occasion to forget them at the first stopping-place on our journey afterwards. —*

Auber's New Opera.

[Paris Correspondence of London Musical World.]

What an extraordinary man is DANIEL AUBER! Here he is fast approaching the term of three score years and ten allotted to man, and he produces a new opera as fresh, gay, lively, and brilliant as though he were in the boyhood of existence, instead of enjoying a green old age. As song flows from Béranger in his age, so issues melody from the greatest of French composers.

But to my task, which is to give your readers some account of the new opera, the conjoint production of SCRIBE and AUBER—a pair intended by nature for each other—which was produced, for the third time, on Saturday last, at the Opéra-Comique, in presence of a most brilliant audience, including the Emperor and Empress, and a host of notabilities. The scene is laid in England, and both author and composer seem to have continually had before them the happy alliance which now knits the two countries together with bonds stronger than steel. Everything, therefore, is painted *couleur de rose*, and the fair character of your countrymen and countrywomen has seldom been displayed in pleasanter colors. The middle of the last century furnishes the time in which the action is laid. The heroine is "Jenny Bell" (Mlle. CAROLINE DUPREZ), a young orphan, who, early in life, was kindly placed in a boarding-school for education by the Duke of Greenwich (M. FAURE). Her benefactor is called from England to fulfil a diplomatic mission of importance, and while he is busily engaged in discussing protocols and "stumping" the Gortschakoffs and Tifoffs of his day with somewhat more adroitness than our diplomatists can now pretend to, Jenny Bell is forgotten and left in poverty and solitude. She adopts the lyric stage as her profession, studies hard, and becomes as celebrated as a future JENNY of the century succeeding. Her name resounds throughout Europe; managers dispute the possession of a prize so great, and kings disdain not to treat for her engagement, as one great power dealing with another.

In the midst of this homage Jenny's benefactor suddenly returns from abroad, presents himself before his *protégée*, and supplicates her to return him his son, Lord Mortimer (M. DELAUNAT-RIQUIER). Jenny, whose virtue is equal to her reputation, declares that she has never seen Lord Mortimer, and cannot restore an affection which she has never possessed. It seems however, that Lord Mortimer has, like the Lord of Burleigh, assumed a disguise wherein to go a wooing, and, under the guise of a poor composer, sought the advice and protection of the fair Jenny, the all-powerful artiste. No sooner is she acquainted with the fact, than, full of gratitude for the favor she has received at the hands of the father, she determines to cure the son of what that father thinks ill-placed affection, and accordingly treats the disguised composer with harshness and scorn. She sneers at his genius, mocks his talents, laughs at his manners and appearance; nay more, she calumnies herself and vilifies her own character to the man who adores her, and whom she secretly

loves. So much devotion deserves a recompense. Touched by the despair of Mortimer, who threatens to blow out his brains, or swallow, like Villikins, a cup of "cold poison," and full of esteem for the conduct of Jenny Bell, the Duke of Greenwich renounces the plan of a great matrimonial alliance which he had arranged for his son, and allows him to marry the artiste. All the world is happy, and Jenny for ever quits that stage on which she had made so great and so well-deserved a reputation.

Such is a sketch of the plot which M. Scribe has prepared with his usual happiness and dexterity. Among the many satellites who circle round the musical planet, he has given us a character painted with unusual skill, one M. Jones (M. SAINTE-FOY), a rich goldsmith, who is so thoroughly convinced of the power of the metal wherein he deals, that he imagines no artiste can resist his golden gifts, his sparkling diamonds, or his glittering rubies. In speaking of the music, I can but repeat that M. Auber's new opera is as pert, as gay, as charming, and as "young," as those "Crown Diamonds" which many a year ago won the admiration of all Europe. Melody and song are abundant as ever, and the instrumentation is what it ever has been, elegant, graceful, light, and pleasing. Mlle. Caroline Duprez sings a charming ballad in the first act, with accompaniments for flute and clarinet. M. Sainte-Foy has a comic air, full of character and humor, in which he depicts his riches, and the power they confer, and then follows a duet between him and M. Coudere, who represents a young lord, a friend of Mortimer's, ruined by early extravagance, but gay, light-hearted, and devoted to his friend. Then comes a duet between M. Faure and Mlle. Caroline Duprez, which concludes with a mazurka movement, so fascinating and airy, that it took the house completely by storm. The first act concludes with a cavatina for M. Riquier, a trio for him, M. Coudere, and Mlle. Boulart, and a chorus, accompanied *pianissimo* by the orchestra on which the voices of Mlles. Duprez and Boulart are—so to speak—embroidered.

M. Coudere opens the second act with a romance equally simple and sweet, "Cette vermeille rose," and then we come to the most effective scene in the opera. It is that in which Jenny Bell corrects the music of the poor and youthful composer, delighted at the expressions of his love, which she partakes, but will not avow. None but an Auber, with his inborn delicacy and appreciation of the natural, could do justice to this scene, where the truest and most ardent affection is met by apparent mocking, and affected incredulity. An air, sang by M. Faure, is followed by an amusing quintette, descriptive of the voluminous and gallant correspondence every day addressed to Jenny Bell by her innumerable admirers; a charming aria, very well sung by Mlle. Caroline Duprez, and a *finale*, full of life and movement, constitute the principal pieces of the second act.

The third act is English to the back-bone, and sufficiently national even for Lord Moon and his aldermanic coadjutors, who have not arrived in Paris. Both "God save the Queen" and "Rule Britannia" have been worked up into it, and great applause followed a cavatina sung by M. Riquier, accompanied by a chorus singing your national anthem *à demi-voix*, in the wings. A charming duet between M. Faure and Mlle. Caroline Duprez leads up to the *finale*, and the curtain fell amidst loud and long-continued applause.

THE LONDON TIMES ON "TANNHAUSER." The overture to *Tannhäuser*—repeated for the advantage of his Royal Highness Prince Albert (instead of the march, which had been announced, from the same opera)—does not improve on closer acquaintance. So much incessant noise, so uninterrupted and singular an exhibition of pure cacophony, was never heard before. And all this is intended to describe the delights and fascinations which lured the unwary to the secret abode of the Goddess of Beauty, in the Thuringian mountains—according to a popular German legend of the Middle Ages. In his music to the *First Walpurgis Night*, Mendelssohn gets up a magnificent

clamor to describe the diabolical machinations by which the Druids frighten away the Roman soldiers from their place of worship on the 1st of May. But the clamor of Mendelssohn's Druids is nothing to the obstreperous demonstrations of Herr Wagner's Venus. What would Rossini—who, in writing from Paris to Bologna a description, piece by piece, of Bellini's *Puritani*, on arriving at "Suoni la tromba," says "I need tell you nothing of the duet; you must have heard it"—what would Rossini have written to his Bolognese friend about this overture? Words would have failed him, and the pen have dropped from his hand. Such a wonderful performance, however, as that of the Philharmonic band last night would; had it been possible, have made even *Tannhäuser* acceptable; but it was not possible, and we sincerely hope that no execution, however superb, will ever make such senseless discord pass, in England, for a manifestation of Art and genius.

THE BOSTON THEATRE.—The experiment of building a theatre in Boston larger than the Academy of Music at Paris, at an expense of two hundred and fifty thousand dollars, for a city whose population scarcely reaches one hundred and sixty thousand souls, was a hazardous, but experience has shown that it was not a mistaken enterprise. Its first season has just closed; a season of theatrical depression as great as the country has ever experienced, causing all the theatres south and west of this to close a month before the usual time; yet the Boston Theatre, with a nightly expense nearly double that of any other theatre in the country, has been open through its entire season of forty weeks with receipts as large at the closing as at the opening weeks, though at the latter period it was maintaining three large troupes, viz: a dramatic company, an Italian opera, and the Ravels, numbering in all two hundred and seventy-eight persons, at an expense of \$7,400 per week.

The dramatic season of forty weeks was opened on Monday, the 11th of September, with the comedy of the "Rivals" and the "Loan of a Lover," and closed on Friday, June 15, with the "Serious Family," "Paul Pry," and "Bombastes Furioso," for the benefit of Mr. and Mrs. Wood. During the season performances have been given on 233 nights—of which the dramatic numbered 166 nights: English Opera, 34 nights; Italian Opera, (16 Grisi and Mario, and 12 New York Company,) 28 nights; Ravels, 5 nights. During this period upwards of 248,000 persons paid for admission, and the receipts amounted to \$177,682. The regular company, comprising actors, musicians, carpenters, &c., all told, number one hundred and five persons.

In thus passing in review the events that have marked the progress of this most memorable year in American theatricals, it will be seen that notwithstanding the hard times, and the theatrical depression, the manager has kept his pledge to the public, by furnishing, during the entire season, every variety of agreeable entertainments; and if, in addition, we state that the Boston Theatre has paid all its expenses, and has besides a handsome surplus, it will be conceded, as we have already stated, that the experiment of building this theatre has been a successful one.

We have been informed that Mr. Barry leaves in the steamer of the 4th of July, and will visit Paris and London to secure novelties for the coming season. We owe too many of our best pleasures during the past season to his skill and liberality as a manager, not to feel more than an ordinary interest in his success in this enterprise. And so every one must feel who remembers how degenerate our stage had become till Mr. Barry regenerated it.—*Transcript*, June 26.

Mlle. Jenny Ney.—The following sketch of this young artist, whose performance in *Il Trovatore*, at Covent Garden, has been so highly praised, is from the *Illustrated News*:

"Mademoiselle Jenny Ney was born in Presburg (Hungary). Her mother, an excellent

artist, educated her and her elder sister with great care for the stage, where Mlle. Ney made her debut as a mere child. Her sister, meanwhile, having enjoyed great reputation as a singer, she endeavored to emulate her; and after laborious studies under the sole care of her mother, entered into a favorable engagement with the Imperial Opera at Vienna in 1851, where she remained for three years, becoming every day a more decided favorite of the public. Perhaps she would never have thought of leaving the Austrian capitol, but in 1853 her mother, with whom she had lived till then, died. She felt lonely and miserable amongst all that reminded her of her loss, and resolved to leave Vienna, the scene of her first and greatest sorrow.

Her fame having spread throughout Germany, there was no lack of engagements. She decided upon Dresden, where an engagement was offered to her for seven years on terms so flattering and lucrative as hitherto hardly any German prima donna could boast of in her native country. From Dresden she made her first excursions to Hamburg, Frankfort, Cologne, Brunswick, Berlin, &c. In all these towns she was greeted as the first living singer of the German stage; and on her last return to Dresden, shortly before Mr. Gye engaged her for the present London season, she was honored with the title of *Kammer-Sängerin* (chamber singer) of the court of Saxony.

The severe and dangerous illness with which Mlle. Ney was seized after her brilliant appearance in the *Trovatore*, at the Royal Italian Opera, interrupted for a time the successful performances of that opera; but they have now been resumed with more éclat than ever. She has been requested to prolong her engagement, now near its close, to the end of the season; but this she is prevented from doing by her duties at Dresden.

ROSSINI IN PARIS.—The anecdotes still multiply. Fact or fiction, they seem characteristic. At all events they make pleasant summer reading, so we shall not hesitate to copy further.—The *Daily Advertiser* translates the following part of a letter in the *Courier des Etats Unis*.

He is, as is well known, far advanced in life, and has been living for several years past in retirement at Florence, where he devoted himself to silence and repose. The old composer has turned his eyes frequently to France, where he was affectionately remembered. He had been invited from all quarters, from Naples, Venice, Lucca. They said to him—"Go to Sorrento, the land of perfumes, your mind needs a new horizon."

One fine morning Rossini got up in good humor and cried "Let us go to Paris, I want to see my old friends; if I must die, let it be so, God keep us." And so the old man started. It took him forty days to go from Florence to Paris, shut up in his carriage. The mere idea of steamboats and railroads made him fall into a swoon.

Within the last twelve years, all the roads which were formerly mail routes, are furrowed with railroads. No more inns, no more relays, no more post-horses in readiness on the way. Rossini trusted to luck. He sometimes waited for two days in a little town, to procure two quadrupeds and a postillion. When he reached Aix, it was impossible to go further; there was a total absence of stables and horses. His friends wished to carry him to a station and show him that he was needlessly alarmed at these winged carriages which flew across space with the swiftness of an arrow. He saw the smoke issuing from the engine and he fainted. This is the story. Finally, after many difficulties he succeeded in starting again in the carriage. It did not take him less than eleven days to come from Lyons to Paris. He is here at last.

To receive him, orchestras should have been placed all along his route, to play to him his chefs d'œuvre; but these ovations might have wounded his susceptibility, and for this reason doubtless no manifestations were made.

We have seen him again with his radiant smile, his eye full of frankness and vivacity, a brilliant converser, benevolent, friendly, and as formerly,

his mind is always turned towards the gayest things of life. He suffers from an obstinate disease of the nerves, which prevents his sleeping. We are certain that he would promise, to any one who would relieve him from this suffering a pendant to "William Tell." But if science remains powerless, friendship is on the watch, and who knows if friendship may not conquer Hippocrates.

"Finally," he said to us the other morning while we were walking along the Boulevard, "here I am in the full light of Paris. What do you think, I feel that this motion of the carriages, this continual admiration, and the sight of so many faces relieves me and makes me breathe more at ease. One thing only disturbs me, it is the displacing of the streets, all the houses are changed—I do not recognize any of them." Verdi, his friend, came to embrace him, and the two masters who reign over Italy, poured out their hearts and their secret thoughts to each other. After Verdi came Auber, who is sincerely beloved by Rossini—"Will you believe," said he, "they have been tormenting me for the last fifteen years to write comic operas—have you not got Auber? No one can do it better than he?" He esteems also very highly Prince Poniatowski. He was one of the first who came to do him homage. "This is a privileged family," said he to M. Auber in presence of the prince: "if he and his brothers had not been great lords, they would have had a glorious name in music."

It has often been repeated that Rossini lacked the fibre of sensibility; this is another of the calumnies circulated about him. For more than thirty years, as is well known, our friend Mery has idolized the author of the Barber and Semiramide, he has written pages on these masterpieces such as he alone can write. But will it be believed, that whenever an occasion presented itself for seeing Rossini and talking with him, he has kept away out of a respectful timidity, which amounts to veneration. Rossini expressed a desire, on arriving, to make the acquaintance of our poetical friend. "Let us go and see the master," said Mery to me the other day, "but I confess I tremble at the thought of it; I cannot imagine I am going to see a human being." Before entering, Mery, who had not spoken a word for a quarter of an hour, grew pale and trembled. He stopped at the foot of the staircase, and could not go any farther. It was only by pushing, almost lifting him, so to speak, that I succeeded in getting him into the presence of the master. At sight of Rossini, an immense sigh stifled the voice of Mery, his eyes overflowed with tears, he began to weep like a child, and sunk fainting upon a sofa. Rossini, who till then had with pain restrained his emotions, was suddenly seized with a sort of nervous attack, and began on his side to give vent, in a gush of tears, to his inexpressible happiness. Madame Rossini, who was in an adjoining room, arrived at this moment, and seeing this affecting scene, could not retain her tears. It was a most moving spectacle. Mery still remained, he could not find a word to utter. Rossini soon recovered his usual gayety, and in vain entered into his witty style of conversation. Mery could not recover his self-possession. Only on quitting the master he succeeded in saying, "I have had during my life, two admirations, Virgil and yourself—I have learned by heart the verses of Virgil, and I sing within myself your music, better than Rubini, Sontag, and Malibran." And in this way we parted.

All through the day and evening the house of Rossini is emptied and filled with visitors. The master receives every one with extreme affability, and his wife is near him like a sort of guardian angel, penetrated with the grandeur and dignity of her mission. Madame Rossini is one of those devoted hearts, one of those distinguished minds which suffices to the wants of this splendid genius, whom every one is now surrounding with respect and admiration.

The question is often asked, what will Rossini do? The more he is seen the more he talks, so much the more is every one convinced that he is not lost for music. His ideas have never been more luminous, his head more solid, his heart

more warm; wait awhile and he may yet surprise us all.

Rather queer, if not fabulous, some of that! Especially those sentimental outpourings with "his friend Verdi, and his friend Auber;" though the latter sounds more probable. The *Advertiser* appends the following reasonable comment:

Rossini was born in 1790, and consequently is now sixty-six years old. The statement of the Paris letter-writer that he is in full possession of his faculties seems somewhat doubtful, after the account he gives of the manner in which the old composer made his journey. He certainly does not seem to be very strong in the matter of travelling, or to have very great command over his feelings on occasions which do not seem, after all, to have been very exciting.

New Views of Opera.

[Extracts from RICHARD WAGNER'S "Opera and Drama," as translated by the London Musical World.]

I.
The working of modern opera, in relation to publicity, has long been a subject of the deepest and most violent repugnance to honor-loving artists; they accused, however, only the corruption of taste and the frivolity of those artists who took advantage of it, without ever suspecting that this corruption was perfectly natural, and, therefore, the frivolity in question a completely necessary consequence. If criticism were what it supposes itself to be, it would long since have solved the riddle of error, and fundamentally have justified the repugnance of the honest artist. Instead of this, however, criticism itself merely experienced the instinct of this repugnance, but groped about after the solution of the riddle, with the same bewilderment as that with which the artist himself moved, within the error, in search of outlets.

I have, lying before me, the work of an excellent and experienced critic; a long article entitled "Die moderne Oper," in Brockhaus's *Gegenwart*. The author collects all the remarkable apparitions of modern opera, and teaches us, from them, most plainly the whole history of the error and its revelations; he almost points out this error with his finger; nearly reveals it to our eyes, and then feels so incapable of pronouncing with decision his reason, that he is compelled to prefer, when arrived at the point of the necessary decision, to lose himself in the most erroneous representations of the apparition itself, for the purpose of again tarnishing, to a certain degree, the mirror which, up to that time, was continuing to shine more and more clearly for us. He knows that opera has no historical (it should be, natural) origin, and that it did not spring from the people but from artistic caprice; he guesses the injurious character of this caprice quite correctly, when he points out, as a sad misapprehension on the part of most of the living German and French operatic composers: "that they exert themselves in the path of musical characteristic to produce effects which we can only attain by the sagacious words of dramatic poesy;" he comes to the well-grounded doubt, whether opera, in itself, is not a completely contradictory and unnatural form of Art; he represents—though, in this instance, almost unconsciously—this unnaturalness as carried in Meyerbeer's works to the most unbecoming pitch; and then, instead of pronouncing roundly, and curtly, the necessary conclusion which is almost already known to every one, suddenly endeavors to assure criticism eternal life, by expressing his regret that Mendelssohn's early death prevented—that is to say, postponed—the solution of the riddle! What does the critic express by this regret? At any rate, only the assumption that Mendelssohn, with his refined intelligence and extraordinary musical capabilities, must either have been able to write an opera in which the proven contradictions of this form of Art were brilliantly overcome and reconciled, or, from the fact, in spite of the aforesaid intelligence and capabilities, of his not being able to effect the task, that he would finally and satisfactorily have borne witness to these contradictions, and thus exhibited the form in ques-

tion as unnatural and void? The critic believed, therefore, that he could only make such a proof dependent upon the will of an especially-gifted—musical—individuality? Was Mozart an inferior musician? Is it possible to find anything more perfect than every piece in his *Don Juan*? But what could Mendelssohn, under the most favorable circumstances, have done more than produce, piece for piece, compositions equal, on the score of perfection, to those of Mozart? Or does the critic want something else—does he want more than Mozart gave us? In truth, he does; he wants the great, uniform structure of the whole drama—strictly speaking—the drama in its greatest fulness and potency. On whom, however, does he make this demand? On the musician! The whole result of his penetrating survey of the apparitions of opera, the tight knot, of which he had grasped all the threads of perception in his skilful hand—he lets go, and throws everything back once again into the old chaos! He wants a house built, and applies to the sculptor or upholsterer; of the architect, however—who comprises in himself both sculptor and upholsterer, as well as all the other persons whose help is necessary to the erection of the house, because he gives an object and arrangement to their common exertions—the critic never thinks! * * * And yet, although unconsciously, he is on the road to salvation; this is, in reality, the road out of error; in fact, it is even more; it is the end of this path, for it is the destruction of this error, and the name of this destruction is here—the notorious death of Opera—a death to which Mendelssohn's guardian angel set his seal, when he closed his favorite's eyes at the right time.

Is it first necessary to prove the nothingness, in the detection of the error already stated, of the Art-form, opera? Can it possibly be doubted that, in opera, the music is employed really as the end, and the drama merely as the means? The most cursory survey of the historical development of opera gives us an unmistakable lesson on this head: every one, who troubles himself about the establishment of this development, would involuntarily—by his historical labors alone—detect the truth. Opera did not proceed from the people's plays of the middle ages, in which plays we can trace the naturally combined working of the musical with the dramatic art; but in the luxurious courts of Italy—and it is a remarkable fact, that Italy is the only great country of European civilization, where the drama was never developed in anything like an important degree—certain noble personages, who no longer derived any pleasure from Palestrina's church music, hit upon the idea of having *airs*, that is to say, national melodies deprived of their naïveté and truth, sung to them by singers, entrusted with the task of amusing them at festivals; and to these *airs* were joined, involuntarily, and of necessity with a certain appearance of dramatic connection, texts in verse. This dramatic cantata—the tenor of which aimed at everything except drama—is the mother of our modern opera; in fact, it is opera itself. The further it proceeded in its development from this starting point, the more consistently did the form of the *air*, which was left as yet as the only musical portion, adapt itself to the skill of the singers' throats; the more clear became the task of the poet, whose aid was invoked for these musical *divertissements*; and this task consisted in furnishing a poetical outline destined to serve no other purpose on earth than to supply the wants of the singer and the musical form of the *air* with the necessary words. Metastasio's great reputation arose from his never causing the musician the least embarrassment, his never making any unusual demands upon him, in a dramatic point of view, and in his thus being the most obedient and most useful slave of the said musician. Has this relation of the poet to the musician changed, even as much as a hair's breadth, up to the present day? It has, truly, in what, according to pure musical judgment, is considered dramatic, and certainly differs from the old Italian opera; but not in the least with regard to the characteristic nature of the relation itself. Such is the case, and, at present, just as

one hundred and fifty years ago, the poet must receive his inspiration from the composer; observe the caprices of the music; bend to the inclination of the musician, in obedience to whose taste he must choose his subject; model his characters to suit the various kinds of voice of the singers, necessary for the purely musical combinations; provide dramatic foundations for certain musical forms, in which the musician desires to indulge at length—in a word, he must, in his subordinate position to the musician, only construct his piece on the specially musical intentions of the composer—or, if he will not, or cannot, put up with all this, be considered useless as an operatic poet. Is this true or not? I doubt whether the least objection can be raised against this statement.

Musical Correspondence.

Haydn's "Creation" in BETHLEHEM, Pa.

JUNE 29.—For the second time this oratorio of HAYDN has been performed by the pupils of the Bethlehem Boarding-School, an institution now flourishing under the auspices of Rev. Mr. WOLLE.

The "Creation" by boarding-school girls! A novelty, as well as a wonder! But I can assure you that the thing has not only been done, but well done. We missed the orchestral accompaniment, which on a previous occasion had filled up the beauty of the performance, but this omission was, in some measure, supplied by the piano accompaniment, presided over by a Swiss lady, an instructress of the pupils. With this exception and that of the male voices, the piece was performed exclusively by the young ladies of the institution, numbering upwards of sixty, and selected from among the most suitable in age and voice.

The arias and duet passages having been bestowed upon several of the elder pupils, one or two young ladies from Philadelphia and two from New York, were executed with extreme grace and purity of feeling. Indeed we can conceive no better interpretation of this Haydn music than when proceeding from youthful and newly developed voices, when the life is yet pure and the soul just enters upon its immortal career. There could be no better appropriation of the Haydn music, and I can assure you the present occasion corroborated this sentiment in its full force. It is in some respects a different order of music from that of the strictly artistic or that of the operatic troupes, where perfection often falls into the mechanical, since it drops around us the blossoms of life's early spring, in the shape of all those ethereally harmonious conceptions of Haydn, rendered by the innocent tones of the unsophisticated girl. What a contrast between such a composition and the yellow-covered music of the young misses who are reared in no other musical knowledge than the polka or the love-song! How it chastens and elevates the imagination both of hearer and performer, when such tone-thoughts become the theme of study!

In the immortal Third Part, you particularly feel the adaptation of the maiden voice, the delicate and modest delivery of idyllic sentiment, that constitute the concluding passages of the "Creation" one of the finest melismatic emanations of the human mind. I could make no better suggestion to all such institutions as may be able to vie with that at Bethlehem, than to try this oratorio, or passages from it, if they can do no better, in order to purify and establish the taste of their pupils.

Haydn's "Creation" is ever-enduring, as a work of that pure and sacred tone of thought and emotion which runs throughout our common humanity. Its universality of feeling will make it live forever, even as our simplest English poetry, proceeding from bards of a century ago, never dies. I would say to all institutions or musical clubs or associations, try

Haydn's "Creation," as your noblest exercise, as your highest vocal aspiration.

In connection with this performance, I have to note the fact that the "Creation" was first introduced in America, as the Bethlehemites claim, by themselves, in the year 1822. About that time Mr. HUFFELDT, being on a visit to that place, was furnished with a copy of the work, and he is said to have given the first performance in Philadelphia. In the year 1823, the amateur citizens themselves produced it, and it was also attempted, with quite good success, the same year, at the village of Nazareth, with the co-operation of the Bethlehem performers. Since that time, the old "Creation," as well as many other kindred oratorios and classical compositions of MOZART, BEETHOVEN, SPOHR, MENDELSSOHN, ROMBERG, and others, has been a standing favorite at this early birth-place of sacred and lyric song in America.*

The same gentleman who personated the Adam of the first "Creation," thirty-two years since, still stands up in all the vigor of three-score, (as I should presume,) and with the youthful warmth of a rejuvenescence, in the closing duettos, those chefs d'œuvre of idyllic melody. This is my old friend, Mr. WEISS, an old esteemed citizen of Bethlehem, whose inner life has ever been within the realms of tone. When he first essayed his Raphael, last evening, I thought that age had been gently at work, and that the voice would no longer do the bidding of its master. But a second, or rather a third effort, dispelled the illusion, and my worthy friend came out from behind the mist, as in the days of yore. When he assumes Adam, he is said to be fully in his element. Maiden after maiden, (through successive generations,) who were his partners in these pastoral passages, have passed from the scene, and some mayhap from that of life itself, yet Weiss still lives on in the glory of that elder stage of manhood which delights in recalling old achievements. I have also to remark upon the very commendable singing of Mr. ROEPFER, whose excellent and correct tenor voice, as well as his versatility in instrumental music, places him in a high position of musical proficiency.

Bethlehem, the time-honored and the historical resort, still stands on the banks of that old Indian Lehigh stream, in all its placid beauty. Some modern forms of innovation have in some measure changed the associations of the place, yet Nature's picture of the Lehigh and her green-clad mountains in the southern background remains the same.—When the old clock from the belfry chimes its quarters and its halves, when the sounds of genuine, classic music emanate from the old walls of that venerable chapel, or when at midnight you hear the footsteps echo on the pavements and the quartets sing "The Chapel," or *Wo Kraft und Muth*, you feel that it is Bethlehem still!

Many artistes of known celebrity have, from time to time, directed their steps hitherward and made it their abiding place during the summer months. Not the least of these were the Bavarian HERMANNs, some years since, and at a later period the lamented KNOOP, as also WALDTEUFEL.

A congenial musical atmosphere was not the only attraction, since the general practical inspiration which seems to hang around the spot, draws within its embrace even those who have no regard for the musical art.

J. H.

* In connection with this remark upon the "Creation," there is a good story told of a countryman, which happened some years ago. The "Creation," from its frequent performance, had become widely known, and numbers resorted to hear it from neighboring towns. Even the rural population knew it by name (*Schöpfung*, as it used to be sung with German text,)—and a countryman happening to meet one of the Bethlehem virtuosi with his violin, addressed him thus: "*Ich habe so oft von der Schöpfung gehört, spiel mir's ein mal.*" (I have so often heard of that "Creation," let me hear you play it once!)

Musical Chat-Chat.

In Boston the musical season is at length fairly over. Opera placards have ceased from the corners of the streets, and concert puffs and advertisements from the newspapers. Thank Heaven! will the most inveterate concert-goer say, in such days with the thermometer at ninety. The only strains now heard abroad are those of the street organs (*orgues de Barbarie*) and brass bands. A pleasant sight it is to see the crowds upon the Common one of these lovely evenings, standing or stretched upon the grass upon the slopes of the broad amphitheatre, listening to the music of these bands, and often hearty in their applause of the best things. We heard fine playing there the other night by the Germania Serenade Band; fine playing, too, with several really good selections on the evening of the Fourth, by one of the other bands, near which we chanced to stand, (we think it was the Brigade;) and from one of the Circus bands upon the Public Garden, there came wafted to us on a welcome breeze, that sprang up as we crossed the Common at noon day, the rich strains of the *Felsenmühle* overture; it was neatly, tastefully and expressively performed entire, although the instruments were all of brass, (the more's the pity,) as with all our bands. Patriotism seems to have inspired these to do their best upon the Fourth, for among the sounds that reached us through the bedlam of that day we many times remarked strains truly euphonious and musical; less screaming out of tune than usual.

In New York the hot days of the past week seem not to have driven away all music. Some melting strains were left. Silvery-voiced LOUISA FRYE has been singing in three operas: to wit, Balfe's "Daughter of St. Mark" (or "Catarina Cornaro"), the "Daughter of the Regiment," and the new comic operetta, written for her, called "The Queen of a Day." Then, too, they have had Negro Minstrelsy, of the real native sort, and in its more aspiring phases, such as Miss GREENFIELD (the Black Swan,) the LEUCA family, &c. *Don Giovanni* by the LAGRANGE Troupe, at the Academy, drew two large and enthusiastic houses last week, and now the artistes may seek other, perhaps wholesomer than operatic airs and breezes on the sea-shore and the mountains.

The original score of MOZART'S *Don Juan*, (so attested by the representatives of Herr ANDRE, of Offenbach, to whom it was confided for publication, and who purchased all the Mozart manuscripts,) after having been long in the market and offered to many libraries, has found a purchaser in Madame VIARDOT GARCIA. It is described as all but complete, and "full of interesting indicia and changes made by the composer's own hand.".....VERDI, it appears, found a new obstacle to the production of his *Vêpres Siciliennes* at the Grand Opera, in the threatened diversion of public interest through the announcement of ALBONI in the *Prophète* for the 29th ult. He wished to withdraw his work; but finally arranged it with the management that it should have twelve performances before Alboni should commence. This is one story. The *Athenæum* says, *Les Vêpres* is again postponed for alterations, and "the next opera in order at that theatre will be the *Santa Chiara* of the Duke of Saxe Coburg, by express imperial command: *quere, as*

A dainty dish to set before our Queen?"

L'Etoile du Nord is said to be in rehearsal at Covent Garden, MEYERBEER having sent forward the recitatives which are to be substituted for the spoken dialogue in the original libretto.....The German tenor, REICHARDT, now in London, is said by some to stand in the first rank among the tenor singers of the day.....COSTA, the famous conductor, is to produce an oratorio of his own at the Birmingham

Festival this summer. The "Messiah," "Elijah" and Beethoven's Ninth Symphony will also be performed.

It is reported that MAX MARETZKE is about to publish the "Experiences of a New York Opera Manager for many Unsuccessful Seasons.".....The citizens of Worcester, Mass., enjoyed last week a musical soirée given to his friends by Mr. CARL SENTZ, previous to his reunion for the summer season with his old comrades, "the Germanians," at at Newport. "Stella," who pleasantly gossips of such matters in the *Palladium* of that rural city, says: "The programme was an excellent one—full of variety and beauty; and the performances were, throughout, highly creditable to those who gave them. The opening piece, a sonata of Beethoven's, for violin and piano, was played by Mr. Sentz, and a young lady pupil, with marked taste and feeling. In this, as in the playing by the same performers, of the lovely Minstrel song and the beautiful Serenade of Schubert's, there was a strict adherence to the ideas of the composer, and a total absence of empty flourish, which, in these days of virtuosity, is truly refreshing. Mr. Sentz proved himself an able interpreter of the various styles of German piano-forte music, in his performance of a Notturmo by Schuloff; one of the Songs without Words; Chopin's "Marcia Funebre;" and Beethoven's sonata in C sharp minor, or the Moonlight Sonata, as it is generally called. His playing is characterized by a depth and purity of style which makes one lose sight of the skill of the player in admiration of the work performed. A very pleasing feature of the evening's entertainment was the singing of the *Männerchor*—a club, which, although yet in its infancy, shows the fine training it has received. The members have voices of remarkable freshness and flexibility; and their singing of the glees of Mendelssohn, Marchner, Zollner, &c. was in true German style of animation and expression."

Are not the people of Moravian Bethlehem, of whose performance of the "Creation" our correspondent writes so pleasantly, mistaken as to their having been the first to bring out that oratorio?

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JULY 7, 1855.

A Beginning, and a Hint.

For the first time, we believe, in the history of our American Universities, has there been a formal academic recognition of Music as legitimately one of "the humanities." The University of New York, at its Commencement, June 27, conferred the degree of "Doctor of Music" upon our distinguished countryman, Mr. LOWELL MASON. We trust it will not be many centuries longer before our Universities shall embrace Musical Professorships in their learned Faculties. Rich would-be benefactors may do as much good to posterity by endowing schools of Art, as by endowing schools of Literature, Theology or Science. Nay, an amply endowed permanent provision of the highest kind of orchestral concerts, oratorios, &c., in a city like New York or Boston, lifting these things far above the fluctuating patronage of half-cultivated publics, and so keeping the standard always classical and high, and ruling out all clap-trap and mere fashion, were as useful and as noble a disposition of a millionaire's abundance, as the bequest of a like fund for any sort of a new professorship at Yale or Harvard. Can Greek or Latin, Algebra or Logic, do more to refine

and humanize and elevate society, than a deep, intimate love and understanding of the great tone-creations of the inspired masters? Can Homer or Virgil quicken the human soul more than Beethoven? And is it any extravagance of fancy to suggest that Handel's "Messiah" may have done as much good in the world as Dr. Paley's Ethics?

These are hints which we think it behoves the fathers and wise men, the "men of eminent gravity" of our community to consider. Until recently the worth of Music, as one of the great means of intellectual, emotional and social culture, has been little known or dreamed of in this busy land, save by a few isolated enthusiasts, or small groups of such. But now there are thousands who will not hesitate to ascribe much of their best culture, much that is most precious and most soul-supporting in life's feverish and perplexed career, to Music; thousands who feel a debt of gratitude to it as deep as any feel to Plato and the great philosophers and poets, or to all the lights of literature and science; thousands who need not look upon that noble statue of Beethoven in the Athenaeum, to feel that there is as great and noble sphere for the devotion of all a man's intellectual and spiritual energies in Music, pursued as an Art, as there can be in any honored occupation. Now if this were as widely and generally believed, as it is unquestionably true, Music would be as liberally and variously endowed in Colleges and Universities, in lyceums and concert halls and lyrical temples and conservatoires in every city and large town, as any of the branches of scholastic culture have been from of old.

There is no lack of schools and colleges. There is no lack of funds, by subscription or bequest, for any needed number of professorships in any old or modern literature, in any branch of Physics or of Metaphysics. There is wealth enough, and the wealthy take a patriotic pride in these things. Whatsoever is expended upon public education is accounted well spent. It is among the glories of the merchants of Boston, as a class, that no subscription for a new observatory or telescope, or for the founding or strengthening of a scientific or a literary professorship, with a live man to fill it, is ever suffered to fall to the ground among them. Whose are the names borne by so many of the best foundations in our Alma Mater? They are the names of public-spirited, far-seeing, prosperous merchants, who saw the value of education to the coming generations, and who felt it a duty which they owed to their children and their country, to open, out of their material abundance, permanent fountains of such education in its several branches. Every month brings report of some munificent donation or bequest of this sort. Yet never so far do we hear of anybody in his will bequeathing fifty or even ten thousand dollars for the endowment of any thing musical. And why? Simply because the conviction of the usefulness of such an object has not acquired the sanction of society at large, has not become public opinion. Those having the means and will to benefit posterity, bestow their wealth, as others have done before them, upon certain old-fashioned, respectable, conventional good objects. Few seek out new and equally needed ways of doing good. Here is a wealthy and eccentric old bachelor, who has original notions and refined tastes of his own, among which perhaps a passion-

ate devotion to good music, to indulge which he thinks it little to appear strange and visionary to his neighbors all his life. He believes in music; believes in it enthusiastically, extravagantly; cherishes it in his quiet way as the divine fire of his life; yet it is a hundred to one that when he comes to make his will, he will bestow all he has upon some conventional old form of charity, upon a hospital, a Greek professorship, a chapel, or what not, without its once occurring to him, inasmuch as it never has been done, that it is quite practicable, and would be an extremely useful thing for him to open a perennial fountain of that divine Art he so loves to those that shall come after him. But wait a few years; let Music become as widely prized and honored, as now Greek and Hebrew are, and here and there a dying millionaire will begin to think he has a debt to Music too, among his responsibilities for the true culture of posterity. We do not despair of this. No one who knows and feels the social worth of music, can despair of it. If it have such worth, it must ere long be generally felt, and then subscriptions, donations and bequests will come as naturally for this good object as for any other.

Two ways have occurred as worthy. One is to give St. Cecilia her chair among the fair and venerable "humanities" in our old universities. Another way, and one which would result in even more practical good, would be to endow a large permanent orchestra, under wise and strict conditions, for the frequent public performance in any city of the really great classical compositions of the masters,—or still better a Conservatory, which should embrace this among all the branches of a complete provision for musical instruction and example. We mean to agitate this subject, and from time to time develop these hints, under various aspects.

The London Musical World—Wagner, and Copying without Credit.

The London *Musical World* is translating for its readers the entire book by RICHARD WAGNER, called "Opera and Drama." This is much more to the purpose, than that constant and by no means elegantly rhetorical abuse of him, of which we have quoted a few specimens. This may do something to enlighten the world of those who speak the English tongue about the real spirit, tendency and purpose of the man, and we feel tempted to make extracts largely, thanking the *World* for saving us the trouble of translating. For Wagner is a man of genius and ideas, whatever his shortcomings or extravagances, and his criticism on the Opera, as now and hitherto existing, is one to be considered.

This reminds us that we have been saved the trouble of fighting our own battles lately with the said London *World* upon the score of "copying without credit." The New York *Musical Review*, whose labors have been similarly preyed upon in that quarter, and which moreover has provoked the satire of the *World* by its London correspondent's admiration and defence of Wagner, has gallantly and generously come to our rescue, noticing the *World's* retaliatory charges upon us. The London *World* contained what seemed an editorial of its own about Wagner, which was almost word for word identical with an article by our New York contemporary. On being charged therewith it made virulent reply in its issue of May 12, saying among other things:

The article of Wagner, alluded to above, was, historically, an abridgement of one which appeared in the columns of our abusive contemporary, who had himself remodelled it from one much longer, and much better, in *Dwight's Journal of Music*, the best Art-paper in America. These were "the sources in our possession." The opinions were *our own*—quite opposed to those of the New World, which knows little or nothing of Wagner; and these were derived from "personal experience." When we inform our readers, that the editors of transatlantic music—"sheets," (even friend Dwight), have been for years in the habit of borrowing from us wholesale, with or without acknowledgement, they will be inclined to smile at the outcry of our injured contemporary, who has scarcely ever an article worth reading of his own concoction.

To this the *Musical Review* replies, justly and truly, as we think:

If so, why did not this editor abridge the "much better" article instead of ours? The fact is, there is no resemblance between the two articles, and the writer of that in the *Gazette* (now *Review*) never heard of the existence of the other until the appearance of the present charge. The *Musical World* accuses *Dwight's Journal* of stealing from its columns. Those who know Mr. Dwight have too much respect for his intelligence to believe he would steal from that source, and too much confidence in his integrity to believe he would willfully take any thing without credit.

One of the best things in the *Musical World* article, is the remark that, "the English press is so represented that not one living being can honestly cast a stone at any one of its representatives. They may be wrong, even incompetent; but they are upright and honest to a man." Verily! the world must have grown honest since Diogenes' time! However, we all know "there's cheating in all trades but ours." If *all* be honest, each individual of that "all" must be. A poor kind of argument, this, to prove one's honesty: but perhaps it is the best the *Musical World* could find.

The London *World* afterwards takes occasion to remark that it is translating Wagner's book "for the benefit of Mr. Dwight of Boston, and other Transatlantic journalists, who, pirates themselves, will not tolerate piracy in others."

This is very smart, to say the least; accusing us (and everybody) of what we for one do not confess, as if the smoke and bluster of such accusation could conceal the awkwardness of the confession on your own part! When you say we borrow from you "with or without acknowledgment," why not state definitely and frankly *which*? Once for all we declare, as a careful comparison of the two papers will confirm, that we have in no instance copied or quoted an article purporting to be original from the London *Musical World*, without giving credit to that source. With credit we have copied frequently and largely, as our readers know. Many things also we have copied in the shape of summaries of Foreign News, little scraps of information, floating paragraphs of solid matter, such as we find in every paper, and for which we give no credit, since there is no knowing in such cases whom to credit. This is the universal practice in all journalizing. We may once or twice, too, have failed to state that we found a certain translation, which we published, in the *Musical World*; but it was in the want of evidence that said translation originally emanated from that source and was not a borrowed article as we there found it. We believe there is no established principle of newspaper ethics that condemns this. It is idle therefore for the *World* to try to confound this sort of borrowing with its own habit of copying without credit original editorial articles and translations

made expressly for the American journals, which it would fain include in one unblushing, jolly piratical fraternity with itself. But enough said. We shall still take pleasure in transferring to our columns, when we have room, and *with credit*, any good things, or interesting, which our august and enterprising transatlantic senior may send us.

Music among the Blind.

By invitation of Dr. HOWE, the superintendent of the Perkins Institution for the Blind, at South Boston, we had the pleasure last week of witnessing the musical proficiency of the pupils. Music, as all know, enters largely into the system of education pursued in such institutions, and has proved an invaluable resource to those unfortunately cut off from the delights and the refining influences of the sense of sight. 'Heavenly Music' it must indeed be to them. It was at the closing of the term, and this opportunity was taken to show what had been accomplished, while the school yet numbered many of its older and most advanced pupils, who are not expected to return, but now go out to seek their fortunes in the world, armed with this fine accomplishment to serve them in the otherwise unequal contest. Some of them will be music-teachers, organists, singers in church choirs, &c., and are well fitted for these functions. One, a young lady of fine ability and rare proficiency, advertises in our columns for a situation of this kind, and from what we witnessed the other day, as well as from the report of her teachers, past and present, we do not hesitate to commend her claims.

We were highly gratified by the exhibition, as were a room full of visitors interested in music and in the education of the blind. From forty to fifty pupils, of all ages from six or seven to sixteen, took part in the exercises. They were arranged choir-wise across one end of the pleasant music-hall, in ranks retreating upward to the organ, the youngest children in front. When they sang in full choir, they were divided (more of course with regard to vocal aptitude than to true choral balance) in about these proportions: Soprani, 17; Contralti, 14; Tenors, 6; Bases, 8. Of these some have had instruction only a year or less, others have been pupils in the institution for many years, and under its former faithful teachers, as well as under their present successor, Mr. ANSORGE, a gentleman who has been through the whole course of thorough Normal training in Prussia, and who appears to unite benevolence and moral earnestness with true musicianship and faculty for teaching. We could not see but that the youngest members of the chorus took every note as promptly and as surely as the others.

A list was handed us of all the pieces that had been learned during the year, including a dozen grand oratorio choruses; seventeen three and four-part glees; over twenty hymn tunes; eight glees for male voices; twenty-two songs, duets, and trios; besides a number of simpler children's songs; and instrumental pieces, of which hereafter. From these we selected several pieces which were sung without previous warning. The Hallelujah from Beethoven's "Mount of Olives", and the Hallelujah from the "Messiah" were sung correctly, in good tune throughout, and with spirit. It was good honest four-part singing. Every voice was heard and every voice was true. The sopranos, as a body, were clear and musical, if

there was no voice of rare beauty. We were particularly struck by the promptness and effectiveness of a row of small boy contralti, who would be an example for any of our oratorio societies. These choruses were finely accompanied on the organ by one of the older pupils, who has a neat touch, which he afterwards exhibited to advantage in an elaborate fantasia piece on the piano. All that seemed wanting in these choruses (besides of course more bass and tenor) was that fineness of expression, that light and shade of sentiment, which it would be too much to expect. Let those who ever preach about the life of the senses as opposed to the spiritual in us, consider that the loss of any sense is the privation of a refining, spiritualizing influence; that, other things being equal, he who has all his senses best developed, is the most refined, most spiritual person. Where the heavenly hints of outward beauty find no entrance, there is naturally less refinement and delicacy of feeling. As a general rule, the voices of the blind are harsh, their manners coarse and awkward. It is much less so in this Institution, where the whole system of education is liberal, kindly, harmonious and pervaded by the æsthetic spirit. Still, one cannot help noticing the drawback; in the singing of these children expression cannot quite keep pace with technical perfection. And yet how much has been accomplished, even in this higher direction, by the Institution for the Blind!

Other pieces sung by all together were the hymn: "Bowen"—sung in a style which it would be edifying to hear in any church; the "Mar-seilles Hymn," very effective; and the lively chorus glee: "Good Morning," in which the answers were passed about very promptly. The Angel Trio, from "Elijah," was very correctly sung by three young ladies, of naturally good and well-trained voices. Schubert's song: "The Last Greeting," was sung in unison by several sopranos, and in good style. A funny glee: "Johnny, can you count twenty-five," for two tenors and two basses, four on a part, was given with a relish, and no note missed in the sometimes intricate movement.

Of solos we heard only one, the difficult scena from *Der Freyschütz*, which was a creditable aspiration on the part of singer and accompanist, although rather a large undertaking. The list of songs included *Adelaida*, and others of this high class, as well as simple ones; and most of these pieces have been learned by all the voices of the proper compass: i. e. they have been committed to memory, note by note, so that each can sing them with more or less effectiveness.

For instrumental music there was not much time. We heard an organ piece, with short fugue, very clearly and firmly played by a young lady. Another played a Sonata of Haydn, in a way which showed good training, although the piece was marred, in the present instance, by timidity; and another executed the Adagio from one of Beethoven's earlier Sonatas, very nicely. The Fantasia on the *Fille du Regiment*, by one of the boys, and perhaps the best player in the school, has been referred to. Three classes of boys, and three of girls, are taught the piano. A class of six scholars have learned voluntaries, chorus accompaniments, and tunes upon the organ; and eleven boys have made considerable proficiency upon the violin.

Questions in the theory of music were put by

the teacher and answered in a manner which left no doubt that most of the scholars have a pretty clear understanding of scales, keys, intervals, chords, resolutions, &c., and several of them showed at the piano a very ready faculty of modulating from one key to others however remote.

Upon the whole we found satisfactory evidence that the pupils of the Perkins Institution have been well taught in music. The teacher, of course, is not a little aided by the whole spirit of culture and good management that pervades the Institution; but his task can be by no means a sinecure, since every pupil must be taught every note by ear. Mr. ANSORGE plainly is the right man for such a place, and will carry on the work so well begun by their first teacher, Mr. KELLER, and continued by his worthy successors, Mr. HACH and Mr. WERNER.

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